



THE
DIVELL
of the Vault.

OR,

The vnmasking of Murther

*In a briefe declaration of the Caco-
licke-complotted Treason,
lately discouerd:*

Perſius. Sat. 2.

O curua in terris anima, & caeleſtium inanes!

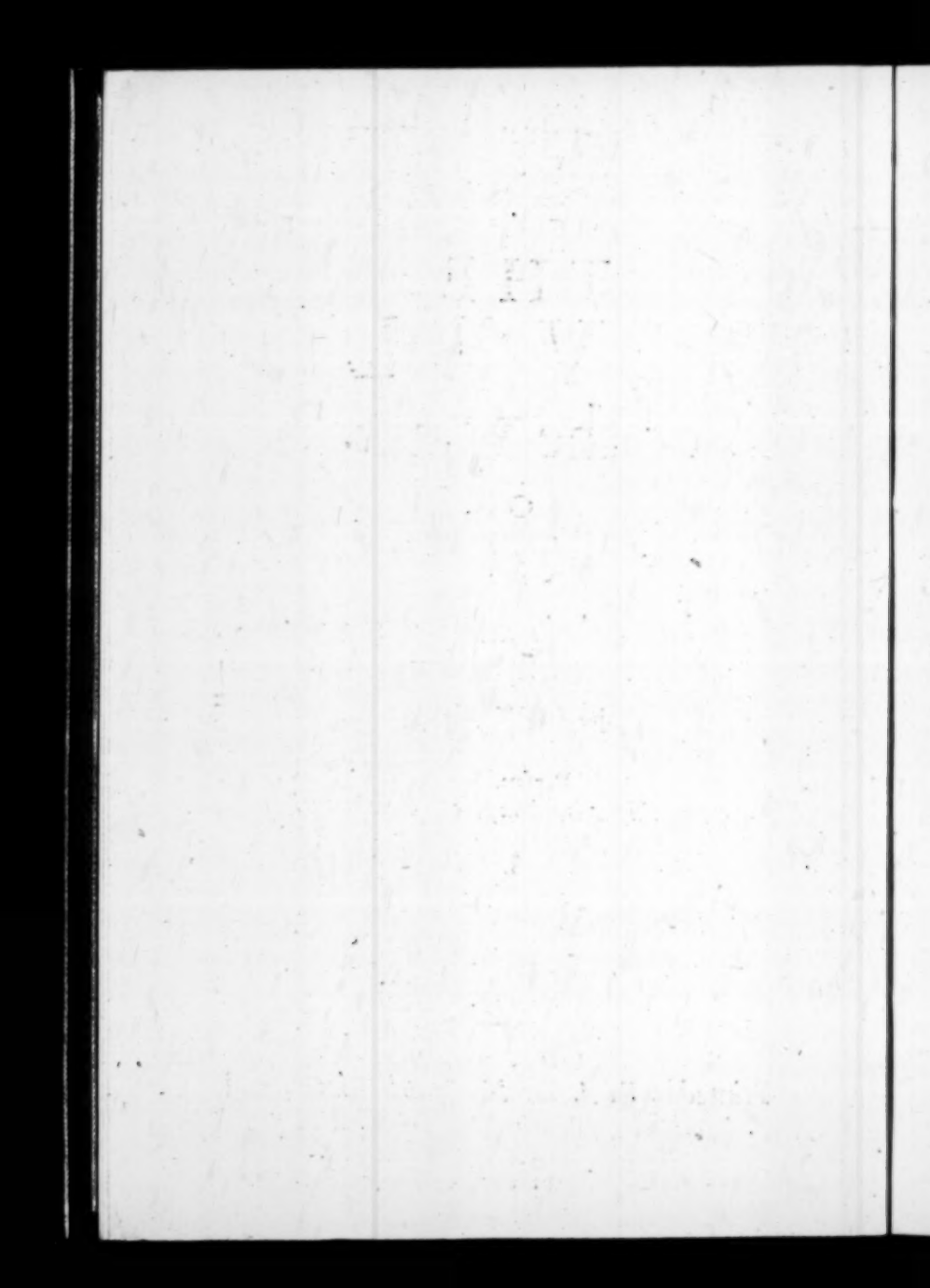
I. H.



L O N D O N

Printed by E. A. for Nathnaiell Butter, and
are to be ſolde at his Shop neere Paules
Churchyard, at *Saint Auſtens Gate.*

1 6 0 6.





To the Reader



Yst I haue recourse in this apologeti-
call Proiect; to intercept the snarling
censure of calumniating Zoylus; and
intreate him to excuse mee for diuul-
ging this monstrous Subiect in so na-
ked a stile, and vnaccustomed straine:
attribute it not altogether to the debility of my shallow
capacitie: for I could haue inuested it with more poli-
shed roabes (without ostentation) had not the times
breuitie prohibited my inuention, and other acciden-
tall occurrences intercepted my intention: therefore
vouchsafe æqui boniq; consulere: seeing but some
three houres limitation was exhibited vnto me (vpon
serious occasion) for the composing of it, and because
Non vacat exiguum tempus, to supranise
is, was so rough-hewne exposed to
the Presse. Farwell.

..

I. H.

A. 3.

The





The vnmasking of Murther:

O R,

*A brieft declaration of the Cacolike-
intended Treason, lately dis-
couered.*



COME thou obdurate flinty heart,
with mournings melt in twaine:
To heare my weeping pen houle forth,
Melpomens Tragicke straine:

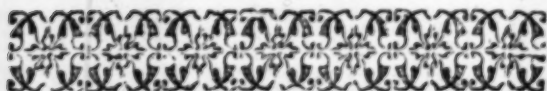
So dreadfull, foule, Chymera-like,
my Subiect must appeare:
That heauen amaz'd, and hell disturb'd,
the earth shall quake with feare.

If murther, furies, fates and death,
beclad with bloody weede:
Would all concurre with Nights blacke houres,
to plot some dismall deede:

Let



The vnmasking of Murther.



Let them but congregate themselues,
and silent stand awhile:
To draw deathes samplar from the sence,
and sequel of my stile.

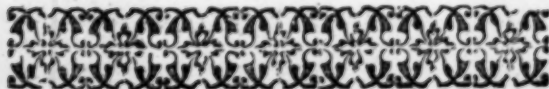
Extracted from the Stratagems,
of Pope and Popish name:
That euery letter in these lines,
may Character his shame:

Whose strict Religion grounded false,
on proud rebellion stands;
Which dooth subborne his hel-bred troupe,
with blood t'imbrue their hands.

Whose faith's but faction, though ore-vail'd,
with holy pure pretence:
Suggesting men with doctrines damn'd,
sell soules for Peter pence.

These Tygrish blood-swoorne Iesuites,
Spanized Brittish slaues:
Through errors darke poore Layicks leade,
blindfold downe to their graues.

Ambition



The unmasking of Murther.



Ambition boyling in their breastes,
like *Nylus* raging flood: from thence
Bids them erect their cursed Church,
on Prince and Peoples blood.

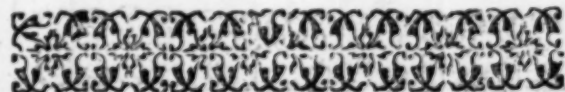
Which they in each precedent age,
haue exercised for: As to each sinne
As God and man, heauen, earth and all
denounce against them, woe!

Th'originall of putride Popes,
from Murther first: As to each sinne
For *Phocas* did *Mauritius*,
by trecherous hand depose.

And therein still persecut'd haue,
with Vultur-minded hate:
Which would be too prolixious heere,
to recapitulate.

B

Glauce



The unmasking of Murther.



Glaunce but on stories pitifullate,
(Murther in Myrrors see.)

And there perspicuously discern
what *Romes* religions be.

No innouations, stratagemes.

Treachery gainst state or King,
But *Papists* ranckt on Deaths black stage:
as th' Actors still they bring.

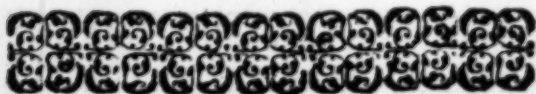
Yet *Protestants* they *Tyrants* tearme,
who laugh to see men bleed:

Pursuing them, their corps t'immure
with Deaths cole pallide weed.

But nere t'was read that *Catholicke*
for Conscience lost his breath:

But for Conspiracies gainst Kings,
drag'd to immediate death.

Nor



The unmasking of Murther.



Nor euer heard, that *Protestant*,
his Princes bloud acquir'd:
Nor by rebellious vproares rude,
the *Papists* deaths conspir'd.

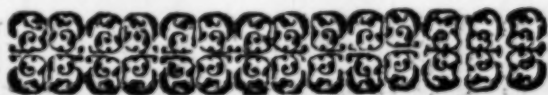
For pregnant instance let's suruay,
those in-bred broyles of *France*:
When they by barbarous butchery thought,
their *Papall* Sect t' aduance.

Where cursed *Guize* rang deaths alarms,
in deepe of silent Night:
Protesting to the *Protestants*,
for God and them to fight.

But his intent farre dissonant,
depriu'd them all of life:
And malsacred three thousand soules
with Murthers slaughtering knife.

B 2

There



The Unmasking of Murther.



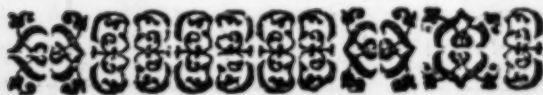
There *Papists* tossed harmelesse babes,
vpon their speares sharpe point:
Then did their wombes eviscerate,
and teare them joynt from joynt.

Dragging their wofull scritchng mothers,
through euery street by th'haire:
Which to the neere adjacent Iles,
did argue wondrous feare.

Now let's reuert and home retire,
to view Queene *Maries* dayes:
How *Protestants* by Popish plots,
were murdered various wayes.

Some rackt, expos'd to torments strange,
some judg'd to stroke of sword:
And many sacred Martirs burnt,
for Christs soule-sauing word.

Draw



The vnmasking of Murther.



Draw neerer to *Elizæa* Raigne,
(true Map of honor'd fame:)
Behold, how *Papists* sought her death,
to their nere-sleeping shame.

By Phylters, Poysons, and by sword,
they stroue to worke her end:
But gainst them all, heauens powerfull God,
did still her life defend.

Thus haue they left in by-past times
such murtherous markes behind them:
As we in these our moderne dayes,
by strange experience finde them.

Now let the deeds of th'vgly darke,
stand as examine
With each immane prestigious plot,
which were vnmaskt of late.

B 3

A trecherie



The unmasking of *Murther*.



A Trecherie so with blood replete,
so *Nero*-like deuiz'd,
As it through th' earths immensall Globe,
nere can be equaliz'd.

A fact (for famous infamie,)
that *Cyclops* doth excell:
By *Papists* shame on earth begun,
neuer to end in hell.

Let Rumor vent his flaruous cheekes,
with Fames *Pegatian* speed:
And through the spacious orbe diuulge
their thrice accursed deed.

From th' Articke, to th' Antarticke Pole,
found this through th' earths wide eares:
Papists at once would haue consum'd
Brittaines King, *Princes*, and *Peeres*.

With



The vnmasking of Murther.



With mercy-wanting powder fir'd,
to wound them with deaths blow:
Yet whence their fatall doome was drawne,
not any wight should know.

At that selfe time when this complot
should executed be:
The like accurrence wondrous was
displaied in *Germanie*.

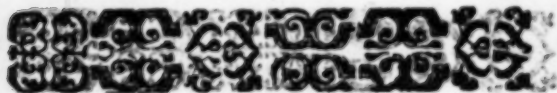
At *Minden* in *Westphalia*,
(as Fame diuulg'd of late)
Th' Electors seauen assembled were,
to treat of publique state:

They were no sooner congregate,
into the Councell Hall,
But straight a Sulphur-sanoxing aire,
their senses did appall.

They



The unmasking of Murther.



They with conjectures strange ytoft, ~~from the~~ / /
with feare difarmate ~~the~~ / /
Proroag'd their ponderous state-affaires, ~~and w~~ / /
and rofe from whence they fate ~~in~~ / /

But ere thefe Dukes (drown'd in fufpence) ~~and~~ / /
could to their Courts repaired ~~by~~ / /
Their Senate houfe with thundring noyse, ~~and~~ / /
was blowne vp in the ayre ~~and~~ / /

Wherby th'adjacent ftrong-built Towers, ~~and~~ / /
were battred to the ground ~~and~~ / /
And men wrapt in Deaths pallide robes, ~~and~~ / /
with mangled corpes were found. ~~and~~ / /

Thus (as a prifoned Lyon ftand'g ~~and~~ / /
runs roaring for his prey) ~~and~~ / /
The Papifts through large Europe ranged, ~~and~~ / /
the Proteftants to fley. ~~and~~ / /

Arm'd



The unmasking of Murther.



Arm'd with impetuous Toad-swolne hate,
diffus'd from murthering hart:
For *France* with vs and *Germanie*,
had shar'd deathes bloudy part.

Examplyfied by that complot,
gain'st *Burbon*, the French King:
Attempted by two Iesuites,
as true report doth bring.

Who lurking close on *Paris* bridge,
like blacke incarnate Fiends;
Their glowing eyes bewraying still,
their murther-plotting mindes.

Attended there like fatall Owles,
the Serjants of sterne death:
As he with's courtly traine should passe
to stop his vitall breath.

C

No



The vnmasking of Murther.



No sooner he approched was,
in pompe and regall state ;
But one of them with poysoned knife,
strooke him with furious hate.

Yet mans great Gouvernor did so,
infatuate his arme :
That penetrating through his clothes,
on's body wrought no harme.

But when this Deuill quite frustrate saw,
his bloody hopes successe:
Resolu'd t' haue smooth'd his horride crime,
with forged Frenzinesse.

Thus deem'd these cursed *Catilines*,
t' affirme their vowes with blood :
And turne large *Europes* siluer streames
to purple lakes of blood.

But



The vnmasking of Murther.



But God his great'st omnipotence,
in deepest danger shoves:
And metamorphiz'd their deseignes,
to their owne ouerthrowes.

Heauen's graunt, that these perfidious plots,
Popes Period may portend:
And that *Romes Hydra*-headed sect,
may haue concludiue end.

The triuial Prouerbe then pronounc'd
to murdering slaues is this:
Thou art almoste so bloud-bestain'd,
as a damn'd Papist is.

Let Christian hearts hold them at gaze,
as Nights Sun-shining Owles,
Are wondred at by warbling Birds,
and light-embracing Fowles.

C 2

What



The unmasking of Murther.



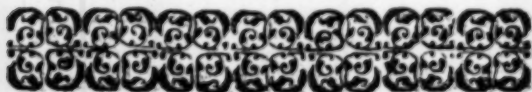
What dismall terror had it beene,
to each teare-trickling eye :
To vjew dismembred corps dispers'd,
and dissipated lyc.

To see such royall and Noble shapes,
blowne vp in th'whisking ayre,
Hecce armes, there legges, disseuered quite,
lie mangled euery where.

Some ston'd with feare, some raging runne,
some volley soorth shrill cries :
T'appall blacke hell, amaze the earth,
and penetrate the skies.

Some swift persue wars murmuring noise,
be clad with clashing armes :
Some fir'd with furie entertain'd,
Rebellions fierce alarmes,

The



The vnmasking of Murther.



Then many headed multitude,
confused flocke together:
As though Deuils, furies, grizly ghosts,
were all assembled thither.

To see the strengthlesse sucklings braines,
bedasht gainst flinty stones:
And pampred Palfreyes Steele strong hooves,
strike fire on dead mens bones.

Some wounded deadly, dead-aliue,
liuing crie out for death:
Some dying liue, some liuing dye,
and gape for liuelesse breath.

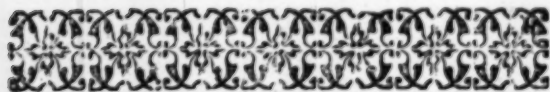
Some groueling wallow on the earth,
in blood halfe suffocate:
And euery streete be purplefied
with goares coagulate.

C 3

To



The unmasking of Murther.



To see sterne Tyrants reeking blades,
bedide with *Brittaines* bloud :
Hurling alongst the Channels,like
a Scarlet coloured floud.

To see mountaines of slaughtered men,
whose crimson-tonged wounds :
Gainst Papists, vengeance dread proclaime,
with hideous dreadfull sounds.

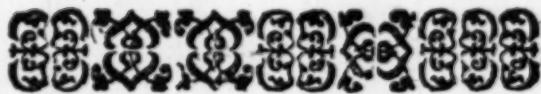
Confusion with hels horride howles,
denounce grim deaths alarmes :
While leane-fac'd Famine all ingirts,
betwixt her icye armes.

To view blacke Murther *sins* remorse,
rush raging through each streete :
Massacring with impartiall sword,
the next he haps to meete.

Then



The vnmasking of Murther.



Then should each heau'n-affecting soule,
by deepe destruction fall:

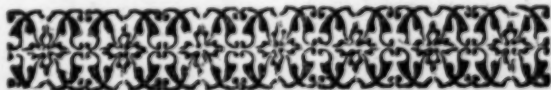
The Preacher, Saint, religious man,
merchant, mechanicke, all

By Popish Sectaries, then should haue,
beene drag'd to deathes darke Caues:
Matrons defil'd, Virgins deflowr'd,
by base vnhalloved slaues.

One scud through strange *Meandred* paths,
to some vast vaulted Caue:
Another climbe some Rockie Mount,
his desperate life to saue.

Others more sterne, resolu'd t'indure,
wars tyrannizing blowes:
And all distract, enuiron'd with
inexcrable woes.

Then



The vnmasking of Murther.



Then *Britons* Angel-garded gates,
had opened to their hand:
And entrance made for forraigne powers,
to ruinate the land.

Then had these sight-deprived Moales,
(who vndermin'd the ground:
Peece-meale to riue the Parliament,
with sense appalling sound;)

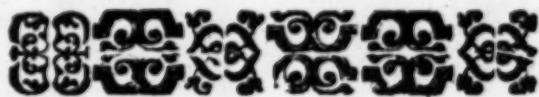
Brought *Gospellers* and *Protestants*,
to vnderferued shame:
Diuulging by their forg'd declaimes,
that they had wrought the same.

Thereby t'incurre a generall grace,
to steale the vulgars hearts:
And by the blood of innoocence,
to act deaths tragicke parts.

O *Catesby*



The vnmasking of Murther.



O *Catesby, Piercy*, hels blacke fiends,
these were your working frames :
So that each childe doth scratch with feare
at mention of your names.

These are the fatall accidents,
that would from treason rise :
Sought by the *Papists* damnd designes
and faithlesse fallacie .

Thus would they gormandize mans bloud,
with vnrelenting fell :
Like Fiends rowz'd from the tenebrous deepes,
of Sulphur-flaming hell.

And fraught with vniuersall rage,
gainst earth connex'd in one :
Typhous-like hoisse *Rocke* on *Rocke*,
Heau's great King to dis-throne.

D

But



The vnmasking of Murther.



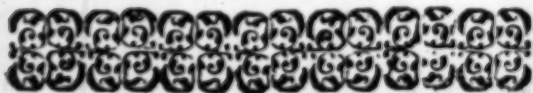
But he that from the *Chaos* darke,
produc'd both life and light :
Did explicate their plots compos'd,
in th'adumbragious Night.

'And virg'd them to reueale themselves,
conceale they could not chuse :
For murther still it selfe condemnes,
fore truth stands out t' accuse.

Remarke how God, with semblant plagues,
their crimes recaliat :
Who did with hels ambitious drugs,
their soules inebriate.

For tthey the death of Prince and Peere,
by Powder did intend :
So pittilesse powder did conspire,
their neuer ending end.

And



The unmasking of Murther.



And those heads, which those engines fram'd,
erected are on hie.
Exploded from the sight of heauen,
and loath'd of earthly eye.

Therefore to Heauen's *Iehouah* yeeld,
all vniformall praise:
Laudate sing with ioynt assent,
his powerfull glory raise.

Who hath preferu'd our liues, traduc'd,
to direfull Harpies clawes:
Exhal'd vs from the chaps of hell.
and death's deuouring jawes.

Thou great composer of earths frame,
with Cherubs guard our King:
And shroud him from conspiracies,
with thy all-couering wing.

D 2

Protect



The vnmasking of Murther.



Protect him from all forraine force,
from home-bred broiles and jarres:
And let the number of his daies,
surmount the countlesse Stars.

With courage sympathize his power,
corroborate his armes:
Prescribe the meanes t'infatuate
Romes minacing alarmes.

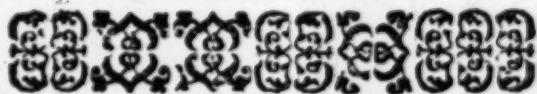
Inspire the hearts of Christian Kings,
t'vnite their force in one:
And drag that triple-crowned Beast,
from out his monstrous rhrone.

Europe can nere Heau'ns *Requiem* sing,
with peacefull amitie:
Till these bloud-bathed *Romish* W olues,
quite extirpated be.

Then



The unmasking of Murther.



Then let each Christian subiugate,
discute the papall yoke :
And with a heau'n-bred high resolute,
blinde heresies reuoke.

Viſſes-like t'heau'ns Mast adhere,
when Popish *Syrens* sing :
Confide not in *Romes* Crocadiles,
who weeping, wound and sting.

Let's serue one God, one Gospell preach,
one faith professie each one :
That we may shine like glorious Stars,
fore his maiesticke throane.

That at the great and generall Doome,
when Mortals rise from dust :
We all may reape immortall Crownes,
reſerued for the iust.

FINIS.

